

OH My!



Emil

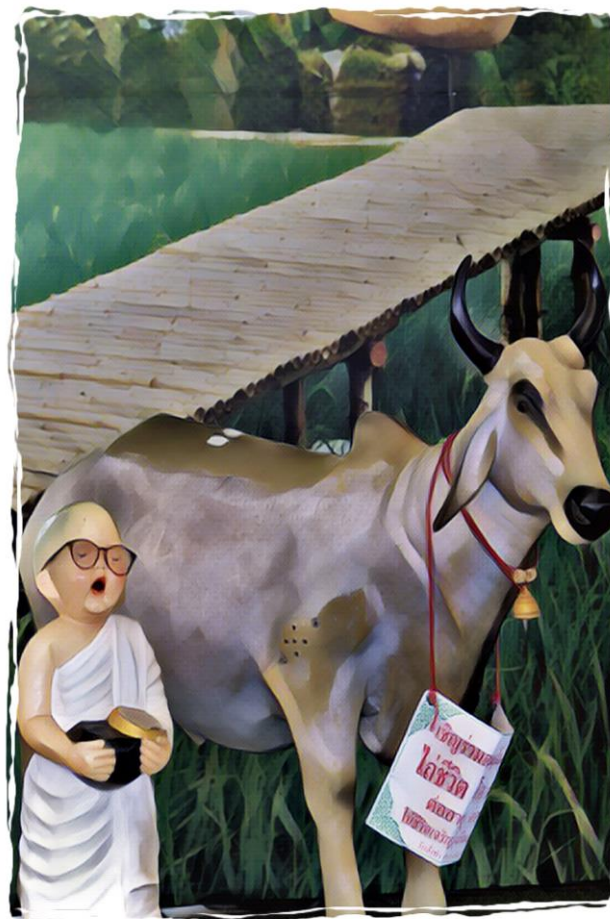


HOBO TOURS
BANNED
Emil

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Emil



Emil

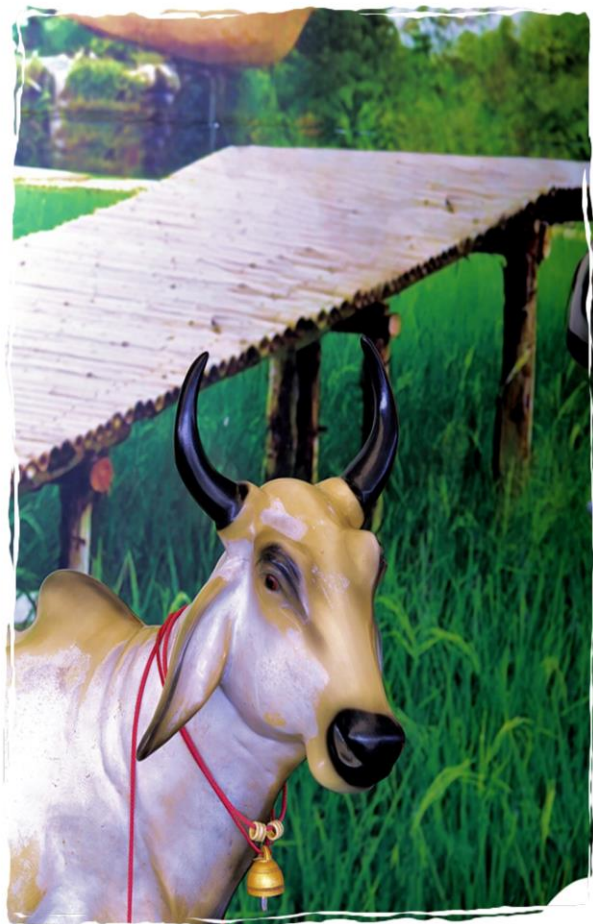


Emil

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WARNING:

This was just telexed to us directly from the new People's Republic of Amerika's Ministry of Truth and we are required by edict to duly warned all our readership that the mere fact of reading this book just recently banned by none other that great book banner (Aka... Amazonia Bill) would result in an immediate drop of your social credit score and maybe,



Emil

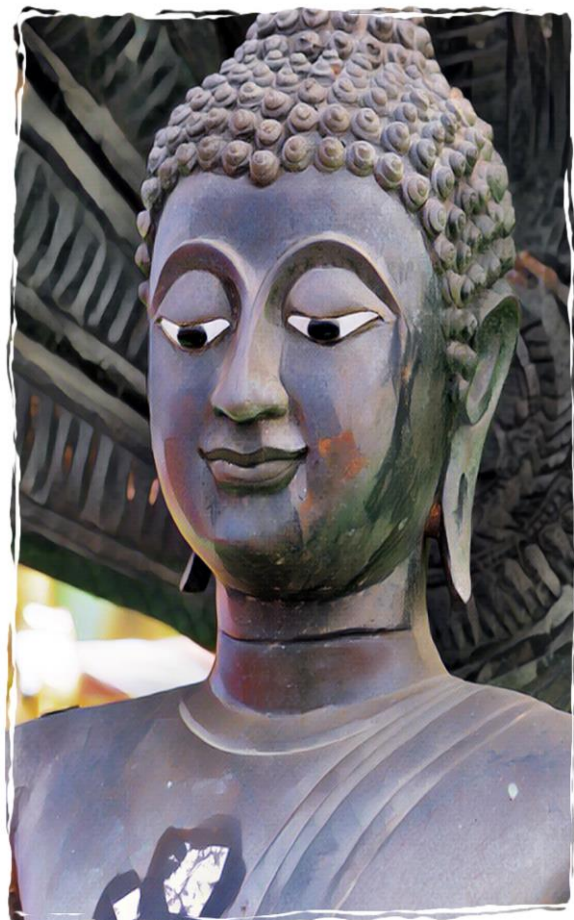
HOBO TOURS BANISHED

WARNING:

the revoking of your renewal
of even your Prime Next Day
Delivery Privileges.

At first, we wrote this off as a
joke. Still there are hundreds of
angry Woksters who hate Emil
to the point that they would try
to catfish us into immediately
“canceling” his new book; so
we were concerned.

Then, we received an urgent
call from Emil’s school chum
who will remain unnamed as



Emil

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WARNING:

he/she/it (unknown proper pronoun) holds a post deep in the Little Joey Buyhim's WH Command Bunker and they conformed that this new ministry did exist but, they did explain that it was not a new agency – as it had originally had a working title of the Committee for Equity Peace and Harmony and that it had just been re-tasked in order



Emil

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WARNING:

had just been re-tasked in order to legally (in the new People's Republic of Amerika) do what Emil's little buddies in the Hong Kong Branch Office of the CCP's Thought Police had done by sending him off to be fully re-educated into (hopefully) becoming a productive citizen. At this point in the conversation they were openingly suggesting that Emil not entertain any idea



Emil

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WARNING:

of returning to the PRA
(People's Republic of Amerika)
any this near future and
actually they actually suggested
that he wait to see about the
outcome of the next election
(if it still happens as they had
by chance overheard open
discussion between Old Doc F
and Little Joey's senior staff of
bring back a new medical
lockdown "...as they are going
so well, now, in Shanghai...")



Emil

HOBO TOURS BANISHED

WARNING:

Not sure if I was to mention that last bit of our conversation but, they never said anything of this being off the record.

Still, I worry as Emil's chum is a nice _____ (use your own pronoun/adjustive combination) and the last thing that we here at WWWG would want is for them to be dragged out of the WH Command Bunker and sent off to a FEMA Re-Education



Emil

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WARNING:

Training Center out in the Utah Wildlands. Not our wish at all! Given this and the fact that for the first time (like ever) that someone actually banned one of his books from publication made us stand up and take notice.

So please be forewarned that the mere reading of Emil's social deviant book could well bring you under the "Watchful Eye" of PRA's Ministry of Truth or that of



Emil

HOBO TOURS BANISHED

WARNING:

PRA's Ministry of Truth or that of none other than Amazonia Billy.

Our Legal team advised me to state that WWWG holds no liability of anything dealing with Emil or in your interaction with such...it's on you and Emil!

This means you can't gather up a class action suit claiming damage against WWWG regardless of what your FEMA Camp jailhouse lawyer tells you!



Emil

HOBO TOURS BANISHED

WARNING:

In the spirit of transparency, this section was not in the original "Banned" book and only serves as to introduce that edition while sprinkling it with a good flavoring of sublime messaging designed to promote book sales because (as you well know) only the coolest kids read banned books...James Dean said that!

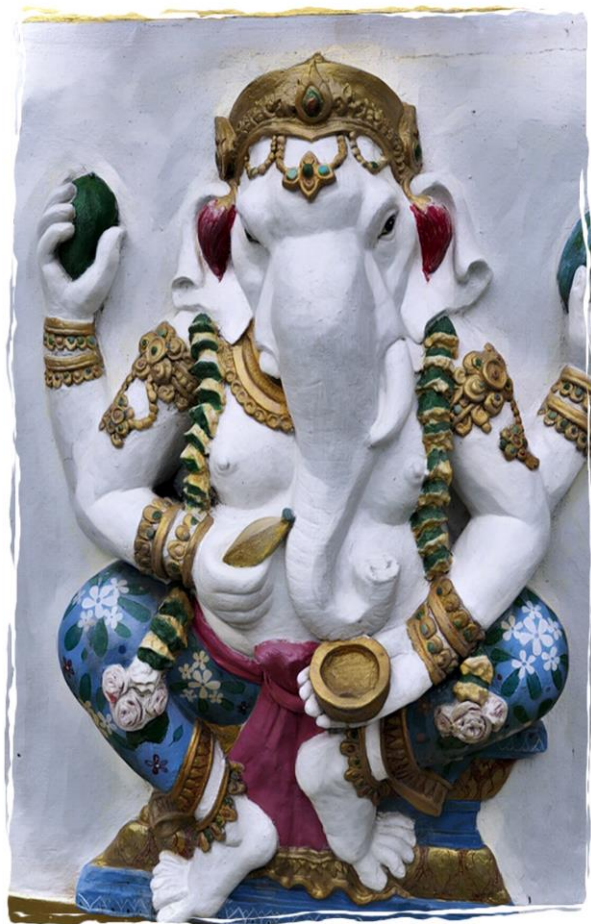
Seine



Emil



Emil



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

Let me tell you a tale of a faithful trip and how a rouge of the Hobo Clan arose out of the wilderness and helped to bring down a great, empire of WOKENESS armed only with the truth from the

HOLY ELEPHANT OF JOY

In an epic dance off with that empire's mightiest PC WOKE Warriors of the TWIT Clan; a rouge hobo (armed only with the Holy Elephant's "Dance of



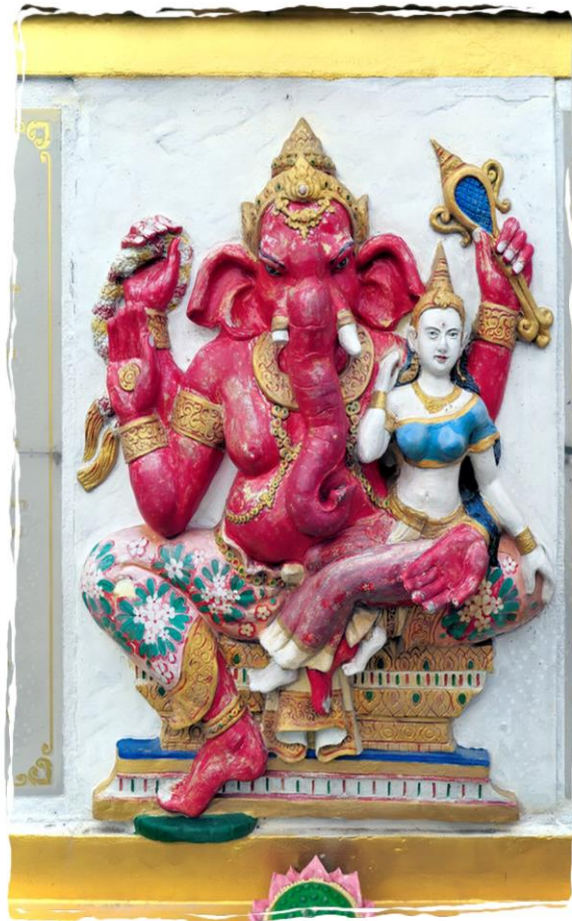
Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

Joy”) laid to waste the mighty...sending them in flight from the dance hall floors and into the darkness of their safety zone bunkers down in their mom’s basement cellar.

Later day children still sing his praises of how he defeated all who dared challenge him on the dance hall floor to include the then powerful Virus Industrial Complex with their cadre of (seemingly their only



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

champions) old, flat-footed white guys who couldn't dance due to their genetic lack of rhythm.

His greatest victory saw the complete route of his most lethal foe and many tales tell of the day that he almost single-handedly scattered the mighty horde(s) of the

"FACE MASK" CULT LEAGUE

(who had defiantly assembled upon the plains of Social Media)



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

back into the gates of CNNister's
inner hell after he dispatched
their mighty general (Old Doc
F...better known in those days as
the Beagle Man) into retirement
@ the minimum security facility

CAMP ALDERSON



Emil



Emil

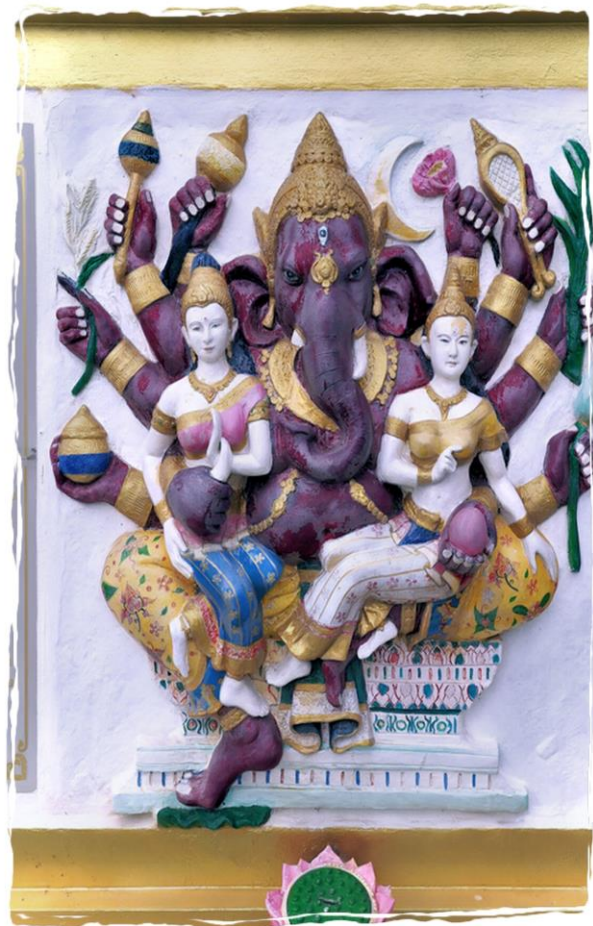


Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

Most people who think that they are in the know would give you this mystical, magical story of demons and saints while like totally forgetting the great and important role that the Artist Formally **NOT** Known as Emil's rouge army horde of Zombie Samples played a major role in the previously untold story of the winning of the First Great Social Media War by the Jesuits of Truth – and they like their



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

assorted tales (minus Emil)
all would be dead wrong...

I KNOW AS I WAS THERE!

I was there when I clearly saw
a vision as I was casually flipped
through the screens of the
"DARPA" re-engineered version
of the "Looking Glass" Star Gate
over to the Channel Four
bandwidth and in that moment
of clarity did I realized that my
rent is due next week and this
project has only begun...



Emil

HOBO TOURS BANISHED SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

OH MY!

It was here that I was first
introduced to the Artist Formally
NOT Know as Emil.

He was a funny little man ...with
a negative social credit score
(minus 3500 points) to
match...he rode into town on his
pygmy pony named "Max" one
day, dismounted and as he
began to speak...



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

After the collapse of the Dawn of the Great Social Reset, the first ones voted off our survival Island will be bankers, hedge fund brokers, politicians and all of them..."

GENDER STUDIES MAJORS

Hearing this, the lost children of the Woke all began to cry before they all ran to hide down in the safety of their command bunkers in their mom's dark, chilly cellar. Looking around, none of them



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

stood their ground nor were they actually present when his pygmy pony took a dump right outside the courthouse doors and with the deed being done, Emil made the excuse that he had left his super scooper back at home as he and his pygmy pony ride out of town...out into the sunset like all those really good 1940's Cow(boy) person* movies... *

* WWWG tells me that in some WOKE Communities, cows are people too.



Emil



Emil



Emil

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{ACT 2}

Hum along with me and Mitch:
"Take to the highway as all they
wanted was to be **FREE** just like
you, me and that dang old dog,
Blue!"

If ya know any of the songs from
the unofficial soundtrack hum
along with me...

"One, Two, Three..."

As always, while Emil pleads that
there are not any hidden
messages imbedded within his



Emil

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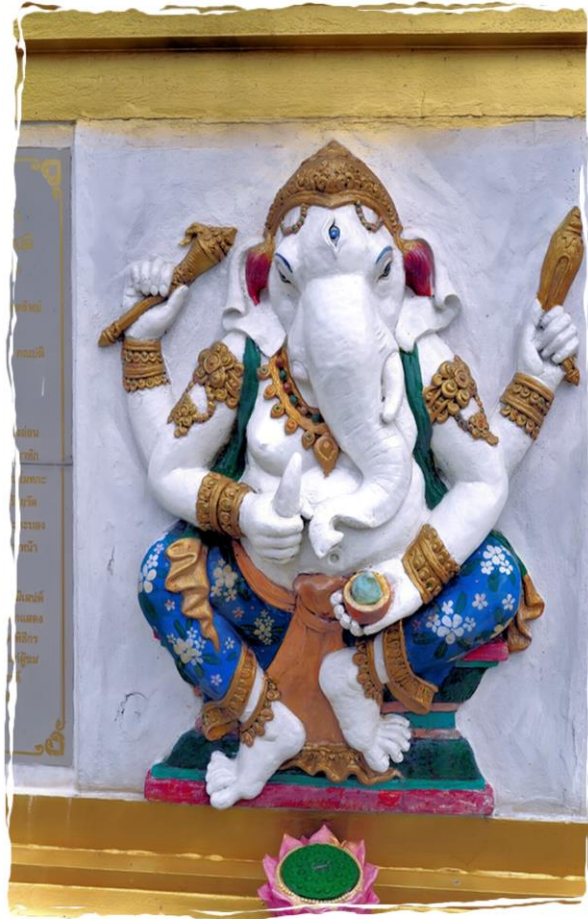
SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

tales; the lost children of the
Woke fear otherwise and many
will dedicate their careers to
researching each sentence for
all of its coded,

SECRET MESSAGES

and thus, giving them pause to
convince their dooting parents
that the 300,000 USD they spent
on student loans was (in fact)

NOT in vain...



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

Or that is how the story goes, my friend... I heard this directly from his pygmy pony now living in retirement down Florida way...as we all sat at the bar, trying not to recall the evilness of these lockdown plagues mixed with the sweat voice of our little sister Joni singing:

"THE URGE FOR GOING"

from a not-so-well aged jukebox at the end of the long bar.



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

{ACT 3}

Out in the alley there was a banging and clatter of trash cans being knocked about and this was odd as it isn't garbage day

UNTIL FRIDAY...

Looking out the back porch window, I couldn't see anything due to the smoke in the air...seems that they are burning Emil Books yet again!



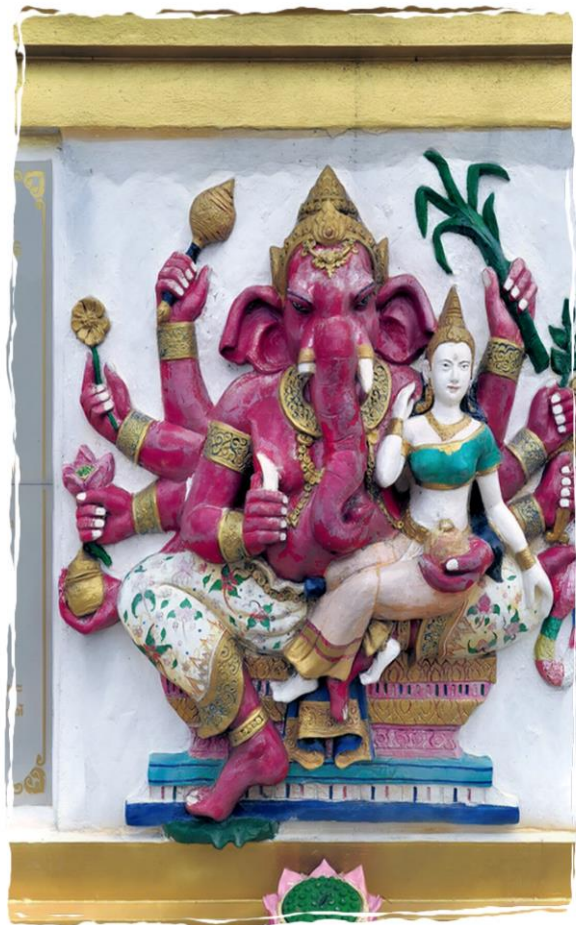
Emil

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*"Must be some more of those
dang Emil Zombie Samples
looking for scraps!"*

Never can be too sure these days
as the newest horde of these
Zombie Samples are what the
lady on Channel 4 said was
a new batch of bio-engineered
(I think she said that they were)
3rd generation GOF Zombie
Samples direct from some
outlaw lab right outside
of Burbank.



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

The last Zombie batch were bad as they tended to loiter, to hang out on the lawn mooching cigs, I had one try to ride the dog like he was a pony and so (of course) the family is in full panic mode awaiting this new horde to overrun our poor neighborhood.

Even Social Media's Great Firewall could not stop this invasion of what I am sure will turn out to be illegal Zombie Samples here without visa



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

or vaccine passports...

Don't be such a hater!

I AM JUST STATING FACTS!

"Hit them in the head,

Sweat Jesus...

HIT THEM IN THE HEAD!!

The dang Delete Button
doesn't work anymore!

*"Marge! Grab the kids...
they are banging on the
front door!!!"*

Emil was too far gone in drink to
be concerned and in fact, he was



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

rather proud of this new gen
of Zombie Samples but, for legal
reasons; he was afraid to admit
that on the record.

Emil slowly rose from the bar
stool while steadying his wobbly
legs as he tried with much

EFORT TO STAND

Looking around to see who
might be listening and seeing
that it was just us gathered
about other than that small



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

group of "Star Trek" reenactors
huddled together over at the
far end of the lounge; Emil raised
up his cup of Boones Farm Wine
mixed with a 7/11 Thunderbird
whiskey chaser high up into the
stale air of the bar and he
mumbled lowly a faded toast:
*"Here is to our dear Mr. Beagle
Man (AKA Old Doc F.) and to his
continued funding of our Zombie
Sample GOF Research..."*



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

He chuckled as he added:
*"And to how he still believes that
he is funding GOF Zombie Beagle
Research...!"*

And, then Chester raised his own
glass of chilled Crown Royal and
smirkingly said:

*"Don't forget good old Brother
Adam S. and our classmate
buddy Eric S..."*

AND, don't forget his hot
Chinese Spy Chick...
Here is to Ms. Fang-Fang!"



Emil

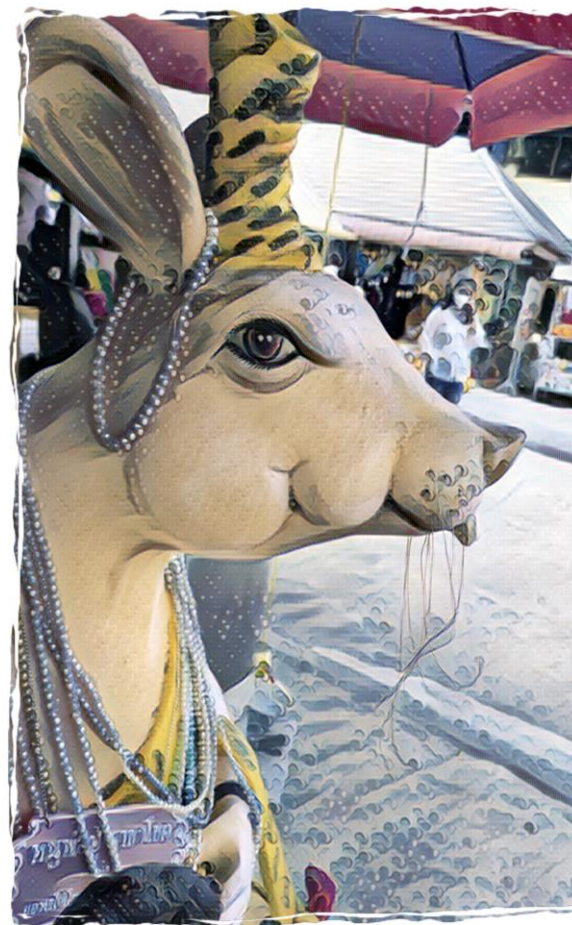
HOBO TOURS BANISHED SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

"AMEN!"

The entire group uttered in a rare moment of controlled harmony...before Emil ordering yet another round of "Boat Drinks" from the yawning and bored bar keep.



Emil



Emil



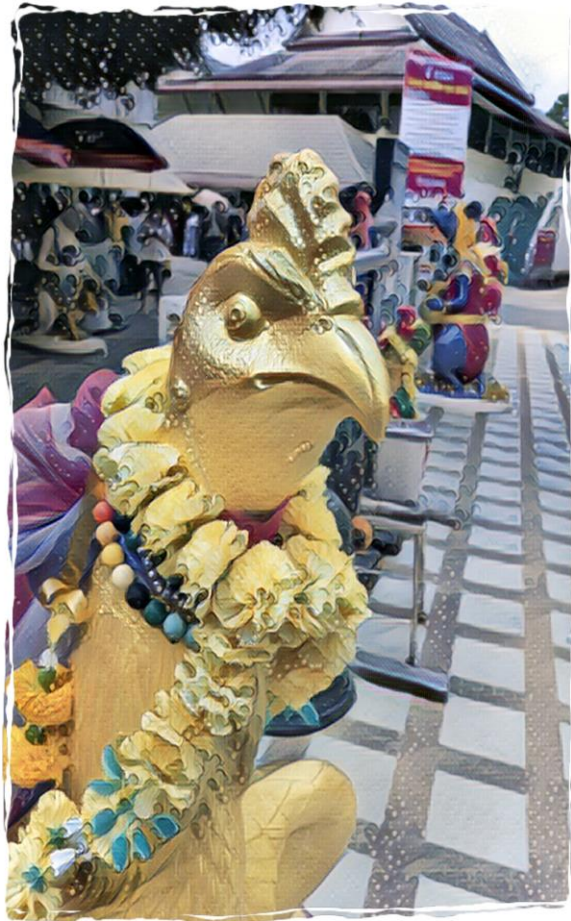
Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

{FINAL}

Despite all of the group's high spirits due to how well this new gen of GOF Emil Zombie Samples had overrun vast segments of polite, **WOKE** social media without breaking even a sweat; Emil's mind was sidetracked, diverted and brooding heavily upon his chance encounter with the Embassy Staff from the Korean Embassy earlier that day.



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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

"Some day...which I do understand giving the current plague lockdowns and the terrible misunderstanding(s) with those humorless clerks in the Korean Foreign Ministry who took out the diplomatic version of a restraining order again me several years ago... may turn into another way of saying Never!"

"Someday is a evil dog whistle popular amongst those too



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

afraid to actual try and too proud to admit that they were too scared to try..."

Chester looked over and nodded his total agreement with Emil's opinion but, then added to cheer his friend and save him from slipping further into the nearly drained bottle of Thunderbird; he added:

"Someday without a doubt, you shall return home to your cold water flat with the plastic



Emil

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

*windows and the cranky, old
land lady in Seoul."*

Emil paused and gave
Chester's words some real
thought...smiled and
firmly replied:

*"Until then...I can dream...
At least, the Gangsters of the
Plague Lockdown have not
stolen that from me..."*

NOT YET!

Out in the alley the banging and

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SOCIAL DEVIANT HOODUMS

clatter of trash cans
was getting louder...
Was there someone at
the back door?



Emil



Emil



Emil



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

It was again to be raining a mighty flood and we were stuck in the mud under the passage of the freeway.

I could not help but think of our great sin as the rain echoed the haunted screams of Mo:

"Martha, Martha! Get dem with ya pocket bag!!"

I must say that to me, this was the saddest moment of all my many travels.

The holy man Bubba burped the



Emil

HOBO TOURS BANISHED

IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

feeling off by saying:

"Hey, Bud! It was them or us!"

This I knew was to be the truth
and I was reminded of the Holy
Elephant's words explaining that
survival plays games with

YOUR SENSES

It was also really true that deep
inside I did feel very bad for Mo
and even his evil woman.

Still, I was also truly happy to be
here, letting the rain drip down



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

from my rather large nose.

Waiting upon the rain to stop,
we studied our map of the roads
as all of the colors started to run
into one big blob of an

INKY MESS

The blob slowly advanced
towards the last of my
Salvationist Army field jackets
that we purchased for a very
bargain price in the last village
that we passed.



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

These Salvationist Army markets appear to be in many of

THE VILLAGES

They offer the pilgrim a much better price than one is to find at any of the other large shopping markets like the stores with the K mark.

How they can offer such a good price, I am not very sure.

Although I can imagine that these might be the spoils returned by the campaigns



Emil

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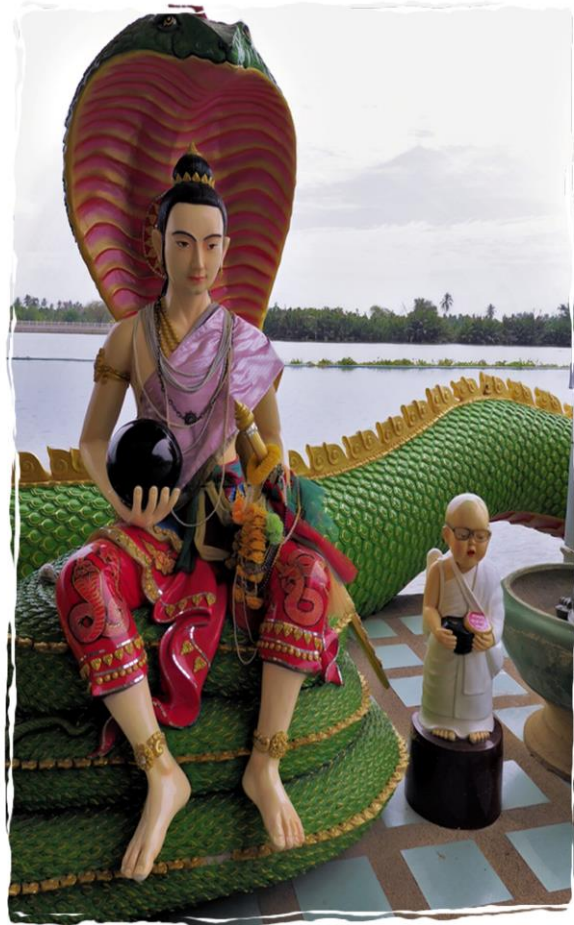
IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

of this Salvationist Army.

Not very much can I say about this mighty army that seems to have been much like the crusader armies of early Europe fighting for God, gold and

REAL ESTATE SPECULATION

What little my research does show is that they were a mighty army with bases of operations throughout the vast lands. It would seem that there was at least one Salvationist Army Centre in every town



Emil

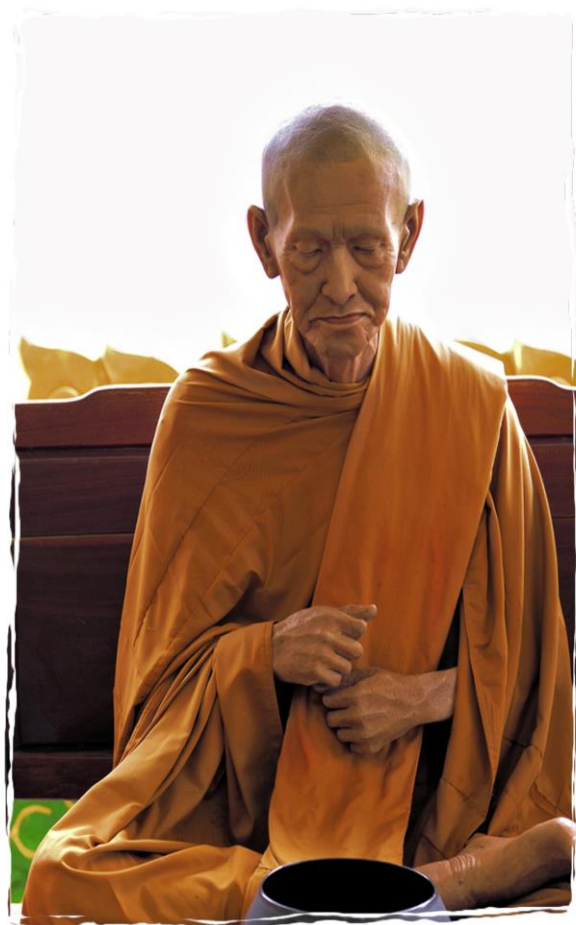
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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

of mid-size or better.

Who they were crusading against or directly for what, I have been unable to properly identify in my studies?

Judging from the large amounts of booty collected and sold throughout their thousands of small markets; it would seem that they were very successful and had won many great battles. It was very clear the battles and campaigns pushed ever onwards as the sign in the



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

market, where I purchased my wonderfully warm jacket, spoke of our monies going to aid the campaigns for the homeless.

I felt proud to make my purchase, as this mighty army of the Salvationists were battling, somewhere in these vast lands to win a homeland for the poor refugees that I see flooding their field, soup kitchens and who sleep in the parks all throughout this land.



Emil

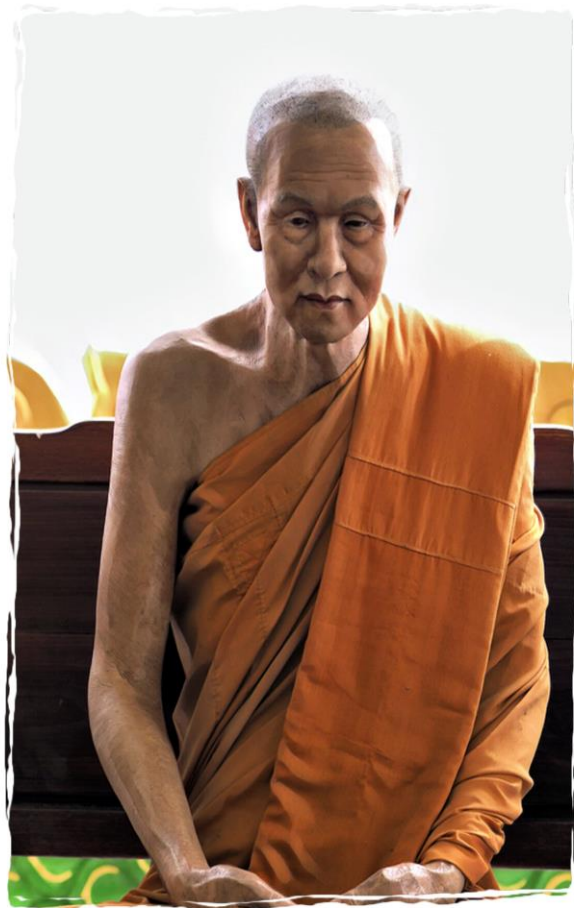
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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

Shopping for the vitals in villages through these lands is otherwise very costly and I can see of no way that a simple pilgrim could make the quest to the lands of our promised land and our

DELIGHTFULLY

wonderful settlements of humble track, ranch style bodes of living-with each home having the luxury of two separate doors.



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

By shopping in the markets of the Salvationist Army, I was able to reduce my costs for the need of proper clothing to face the very different weather that this region offers. I was also able to purchase some very nice and colorful suits of leisure and a strong golf stick to assist my walking. Many elders would say that to wear these foreign suits of leisure is not becoming to anyone who should claim to



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

Speak and teach for the

HOLY ELEPHANT

This I believe to be old-time thinking.

Many elders and purest of the Elephant followers believe that it might make a better image to dress as the great Gandhi but, let these elders come here and try walking into a market of the K mark to ask to see their Haines collection of holy diapers.



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

I know the strange looks that the market's sellers gave to my request and to the several hours that I was to spend with the local police-as the holy man Bubba explained that I was not the weird pervert that the market's sellers had made me out to be with the police.

This taught me a very good lesson about the need to blend in and act as these people act.

It would seem to me a very important to be remembered



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

lesson that I wished not to become a martyr like that of the Great Modern Hercules (Rambo) did in the very first of that well remembered and long-running series of socially-concerned movie classics.

Besides, I very much doubt that I could survive for very long in the cold, rain wearing **ONLY** a holy diaper to cater to the concerns of our ancient elders.

So, I now am very colorful looking, warm and blend into



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

every crowd dressed in my suites
of leisure under my field jacket
of the mighty army of Salvation.
I am very sorry to take the story
off the rail tracks again, please
forgive the rambling of
this old man.

WHERE WERE WE?

Oh, my goodness . . .

Yes!

We were under the passage of
the freeway waiting for the rain
to stop and the growing blob of



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

colored inks were advancing
towards my warm field jacket.

WHERE DO WE GO NOW?

I asked towards the darkened
heavens and was nearly to be
death from an attack
of the heart when I got a

DIRECT ANSWER

At first, I thought that the holy
man Bubba was making a joke at
my terrible expense.

But no, as I could see that he
was fast asleep behind the



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

wheel of the vehicle with the radio blasting very loud a song about a lion asleep in the jungle . Yes, and from the song it was a

MIGHTY JUNGLE

Thinking that maybe it was a secret message hidden within the song that I might be hearing- as this is a common practice for both good and evil in these lands; I looked back towards the heavens and asked my humble question regarding directions.



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

Again, came an answer but this time it was louder and I fell to the floor of our speeding vehicle knowing that if this was truly a message from heaven, I should show myself worthy of

RECEIVING IT

The message boomed into the center of my poor brain. It was clear, loud and had a nice disco beat to it. It told me that the door prize



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

awaited us in the doorway of the closest Howard Johnson's motel and it went on to recommend that we order the \$2.99 blue plate special at the motel cafe ...

Quickly, I awoke the holy man Bubba who was again screaming something about two holes in the freezer as our vehicle spun violently to a stop on the edge of the mighty road and it was then that I began to tell him of the message just sent from heaven.



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

After a moment of thought he quickly returned to sleep. Knowing that I must act swiftly to follow instructions sent from heaven, I pushed him into the seat of the copilot (that for some strange and reason that I have yet to find a good answer for) that these strange people call

THE SEAT OF SHOTGUN

Later, in my years, here in these lands, I would come to believe that it actually relates, directly to



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

a cultural ritual of some of this land's many clans to drive their vehicles while the copilot shoots a gun at people as they are

WALKING BY

Actually, I have petitioned the great army of the Salvationists to launch a crusade against such wicked and evil clans.

I have even promised to raise a battalion from our future settlements in our promised



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

lands to march in support of the Great Salvationist Army. But, alas, it seems to have fallen upon deaf ears and I have yet to receive word(s) from any of their field commanders or administrators.

I could understand the weariness of the holy man Bubba to travel another hundred kilometers before we could experience the warmth and the pleasure of the blue-plate special that had been



Emil

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recommended by the voice
from heaven.

I could sense how with the front
wind screen broken and gone
from a stray bullet of the
government men as we
departed to leave Mo to
a certain faith similar as the
poor, old trucker that we failed
to assist; that the next hundred
kilometers in the chilling,
dogged, demented wind and
rain that could shake one to the



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

very bone with the gush of its
mighty typhoon could make for
an unpleasant journey.

The holy man Bubba awoke after
several miles and shook off the
rain that had gathered upon his
stained, cotton robe.

He expressed with a

HINT OF ANGER

that this continual rain seemed
so uncalled for.

He went to say that he had never
saw this topic advertised in the



Emil

HOBO TOURS BANISHED

IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

many pilgrim travel booklets nor had he read such stories in any issue of his monthly subscription to Greyline Tours Monthly.

I had not wished to torment the holy man Bubba further but, it was clear that the elements of nature had been drawn together against us for our sins of not standing by the old trucker and for letting those government men take Mo and the evil woman, Martha, away.



Emil

HOBO TOURS BANISHED

IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

The mere thought of our lack of decent morals and our willingness to do what was needed for us to survive brought a cold shake and shame to

MY EVERY BONE

I said nothing of this to the holy man Bubba and merely looked over at him to say:

“BAD WEATHER?”

I was to be very careful with my words because I had read that



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

such shaking was an early sign of the local, dreaded illness that saps your mind of proper fluids and I did not wish to be scaring the newly awakened holy man Bubba with a such alarm.

This illness of the mind is called by some to be

DELTA DAWN FEVER

and is the direct result of the loneliness of the spirit in the split second between the light and the dark regions of the



Emil

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IN SEARCH OF GOD'S OWN DAIRY QUEEN

cosmos or by the repeated, nasal-toned speech patterns of term life, insurance salesmen. Local people have warned me that the illness seems to be seasonal and may be a virus as it appears in its worst forms during

THE RAINY SEASON

It was made clear that during the rainy season people seem to have less patience with everything.

It is a recorded fact that



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newcomers and insurance
salesmen suffer from a 50%
increase in murderous, serial-
killings at the hands of quite
ordinary housewives or by one
of those roaming gangs of
Environmentalists that my friend
from the Shriner Clan told
me about.

I believe as does the holy man
Bubba that papers and travel
publications would be well
advised to be warning the
average pilgrim to travel



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-armed and to be ready to give out a Shriner mating call without a slight hesitation at the first sign of a housewife with a veggamatic or any gang of

ENVIRONMENTALISTS

As the Holy Elephant teaches us:

"No need to make yourself a victim."

I am glad to see that in recent years, the travel publications have advised pilgrims of the means to a carry a portable TOW



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missile number two mounted on the top of their front bonnets. To my way of thinking and from my understanding of the teachings of the Holy Elephant that it is neither sinful nor untasteful to mount such portable missiles.

It may, in fact, help prevent a gun attack from any evil clan and with only thirteen seconds from launch to impact . . . it might help bring courtesy back to the grand motor highways.



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The Holy Elephant teaches us that the rain can be a force of good as it will wash away the shame and the evil that had brought us to this junction between the light of God's goodness and the dark, empty spaces that the evil one calls

HOME SWEET HOME

Still the rain seems not to drown out the evil woman's haunting curse of blame to Mo:

"So, Ya wanted to come HERE!!



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*We should have gone to Fort Lauderdale but, **NO!!!**...ya wouldn't listen to me...would ya???"*

But as the holy man Bubba was about to teach and show me that our purpose was (indeed) a mission from God himself or as the Holy man Bubba called a grail search and destroy mission: "In the end, all that mattered was the finding of God's own Dairy Queen..."

God's own Dairy Queen?



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Was God married or who was this Queen and how does she come to have so importance to God's interest(s)?

He told me that he had been enlightened to this fact in a West Tulsa bar, where Burger McCamish sang that old spiritual about Life not mattering after ya had been to god's own little

DAIRY QUEEN...

It was then that I was to learn of



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the real purpose of his urgent
need for his current pilgrimage
to these lands.

Listening to him sing the words
in his self-assisted, vivid
harmonies and now,

I do understood what had led
him through many years in his
quest trying to find the actual
location of God's Dairy Queen.
The holy man Bubba believed it
to be an actual place in the
northwestern region.



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He even had a very ancient,
yellowed map covered in
a strange language unknown
to me but spoken by some
race called the Michelins.

To this very day, I never have
learned as to where he acquired
the map though, he did believe
this map showed the actual site
where God first gave the secret
of soft ice cream to man and
thus, the name of God's own
Dairy Queen.



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After this discovery of the true nature of his quest; I said to the holy man Bubba that the Holy Elephant has taught us that:

"...What need is there for a man to make the pilgrimage to the shrine of God's Dairy Queen, when he has to pass before the evil one's hamburgers, shakes and Herbian-style French Fries and promise of dining in?"

The holy man Bubba became very pissed (for our novice



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readers this is a modern word of slang that doesn't have the meaning to be removing water of waste from your earthly vessel but, to be radiating evil waves of anger towards another spirit) and refused to talk with me for several hours as I now seemed to think that I was unable to understand the biblical wisdom of his holy quest and only hoped that he must truly take pity on such a simple mind as mine.



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After the sun began to set and we were to be pulling off the road at the nearby Howard Johnson's motel, the holy man Bubba spoke in a soft voice about the nature of man.

He asked the time-honored question of

“WHAT IS MAN?”

He explained, as I pulled to a stop in the motel lot of parking, that about a year after first hearing Bugger McCamish sing



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that song; he started to have dreams of himself singing about the great beauty of Grace Slick and how he was told by her to forgo his ego and find peace in the shadows with a whopper sandwich and an all-you-can-eat

SALAD BAR

This evil invite hijacked the table of plenty to the dark shadowlands of fast food junkieism, he knew that for the sake of his very soul, he must



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find the location of God's Dairy Queen and that he must build a shrine to all true believers in the light of God and decent

HOME COOKING

With that thought, he saw a camel standing in out and about in the evening tide.

The camel winked, passed him a can of bad water and called him Bubba for the first time. This was to explain very much towards my knowledge of my



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travelling companion and,
without actually knowing it, was
to be a fore taste of our
adventure to come.

Most importantly, it explained
the rather strange

NAME OF BUBBA

In many ways, we were the very
same, as I have the Holy
Elephant to guide me, the holy
man Bubba seems to have a holy
camel by the name of Joe.



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My only other question
was in regards to

ONE HUMP OR TWO?

That evening at dinner, the holy man Bubba took a bite of his blue plate special and praised the medical healing qualities of good homemade cooking. He seemed to feel very strongly about the corrupt and evil nature of what is called in this country as "fast food." With a mouthful of peas, he



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turned towards me and told me
a biblical story that he had
learned as a child.

It was a sad story of a once good,
game show host that became
possessed by the powers of the
evil one through an addiction to

FAST FOODS

The story was in many ways
similar to the story of the once
good servant of the Holy
Elephant, whom we now do call



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Omar due to the Heavenly Witness Protection Agency's best wishes and at the threat to expose our secret identity, too

IF WE DIDN'T

But it was Omar's sad undoing was to fall in love with a beautiful, flirting girl with braided hair that worked behind the drug store's soda counter in the ancient city of Popular Bluff. This happened such a very long



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time ago, many years before the great flood that was to destroy most of Popular Bluff, not to mention most of the world. It may be said as a reminder to all novices to understand this is still a most important lesson for us all of us alive today; we must commit this to our collective memory until the TV Network dedicated to the "ABC's" gets to the screen play that is centered on this grand tale in our mythology.



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It seems that the girl was in
a secret league with demons
of the true evil one.

They know that Omar had been
made by God to be the
keeper of the greatest secret
of God with the one promise
the secret **MUST** never pass his
humble lips even under dire
torture by the worst of the
demon horde or even, the evilest
one, the real Don King of evil,
himself...

"NO NOT EVER...NEVER!"



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Seems that this tale came to pass
after a random demon had
overheard a rumor down
in the market that Omar had
buried this great secret out in the
barren wastes of a faraway

WESTERN DESERT

And as with most demons, it
seems that they were far too lazy
to go out on a long journey into
the desert looking for the secret
by themselves.

So, they paid the most very



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beautiful girl in the village to loosen Omar's lips with sweet words of flirting or to get him drunk upon way too many cups of the locally- made version of

GRAPE KNEE-HIGH

As the evening grew late, Omar finally began to talk shop and was very soon seen to be drawing the girl a map of as to where he had hidden the secret of God.

The girl gave the demons that map, the very next day.



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The rest is written in our history books referenced as reasons for or about the flood.

Of course, you can be sure that with Omar's map, the demons found the secret of God without much effort and very soon after they were selling the magic potion made from the seven secret herbs and spices; learning this God decided to flood the world to prevent, the demons and lawyers...that were found to be living amongst the common



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folks of mankind at that time...

from being able to further
misusing the secret receipt just
so recently rediscovered by a
Colonel in the lands of Kentucky-
which lay far to the east of where
we are now.

Omar and his girlfriend with the
braided hair were not drowned
with their city but God cast them
to the ragged, the remains of a
long-forgotten garden from which
all may enter and but none could



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never (like ever) return to live
amongst the mainstream of
mankind (People kind???)

All lost souls are collected to
sharecrop there in what we now
call Omar's Garden.

I have been asked by many of the
faith if this rediscovery of God's

SECRET RECEIPT

of seven herbs and spices does
not mark the beginning of the
end of our age as it had for
Omar's.



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The answer is a very difficult one to be answering, my friends.

It would be seeming that there are some of the new age converts to following of the Elephant who feel that (indeed) this rediscovery does mark the very day of the beginning of

THE END OF TIME

But, my dear friends; I must be reminding you of the fact that the elders of our faith have issued a policy, white paper, an official



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statement saying that this rediscovery is merely a simple test from God to see who shall fall into the easy temptations of living forever through these magic herbs and spices.

I very much hold to this traditional line of reasoning that says all of those who fall for the sweat taste of the herbs and spices which make up the secret powder that is claimed to give its user the gift of everlasting life... and that for some very strange



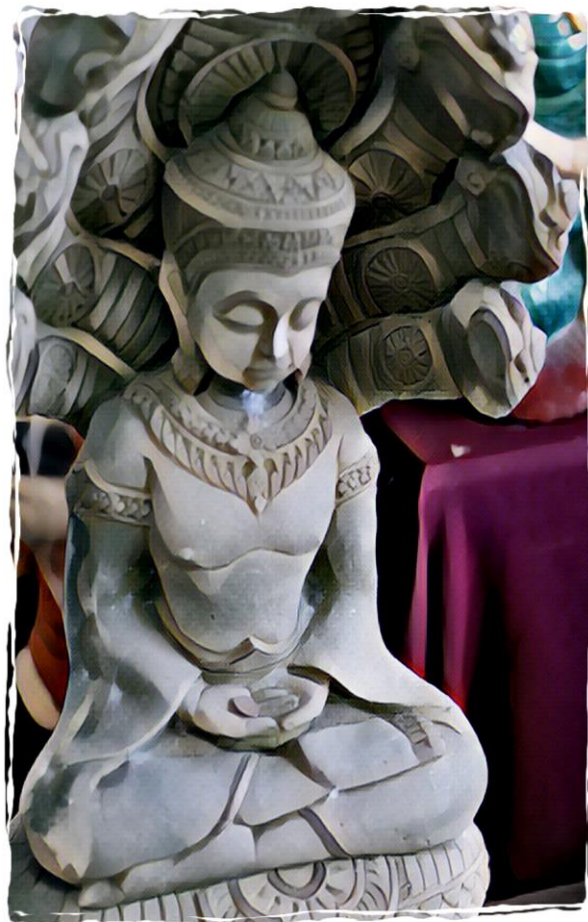
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reason, modern peoples here seem fit to eat these chickens sweeping in black magic; will not be allowed to reenter heaven because the mixture of herbs and spices will chemically erase the ultraviolet mark that was stamped on their hand when they originally left heaven at the start of their present life.

Whatever may be the case, I do not plan to risk or chance a tarnishment of my stamped hand mark and thus, be unable to



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return to heaven at the end of this present passage through your current game show life.

This is a message that I cannot say enough, as the evil one's demons have placed these food stands in most to villages in order to tempt all of those righteous souls hiding amongst the millions of the lost **WOKE** peoples in these morally barren lands.

On every side, they are being tempted to come on down to the dark shadowlands of the evil



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one's command by the promise of eternal life or a shiny, new

PONTIAC SUV

Although, the great powers of the evil one and his horde of fellow traveling, frequent-flyer, fraternity demons in the rediscovery the basic formula still lack the proper knowledge the true mixture of herbs and spices nor understand the correct order in which to apply them and thus



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cannot really be offering mankind

TRUE ETERNAL LIFE

Still, I do openingly fear that it is only a matter of time before one of their many mad scientists will stumble across the correct measurements and God will feel a new need to destroy us he did before; so that we will **NOT** gain common, consumer access to his secret sauce, his mighty power over everlasting life.



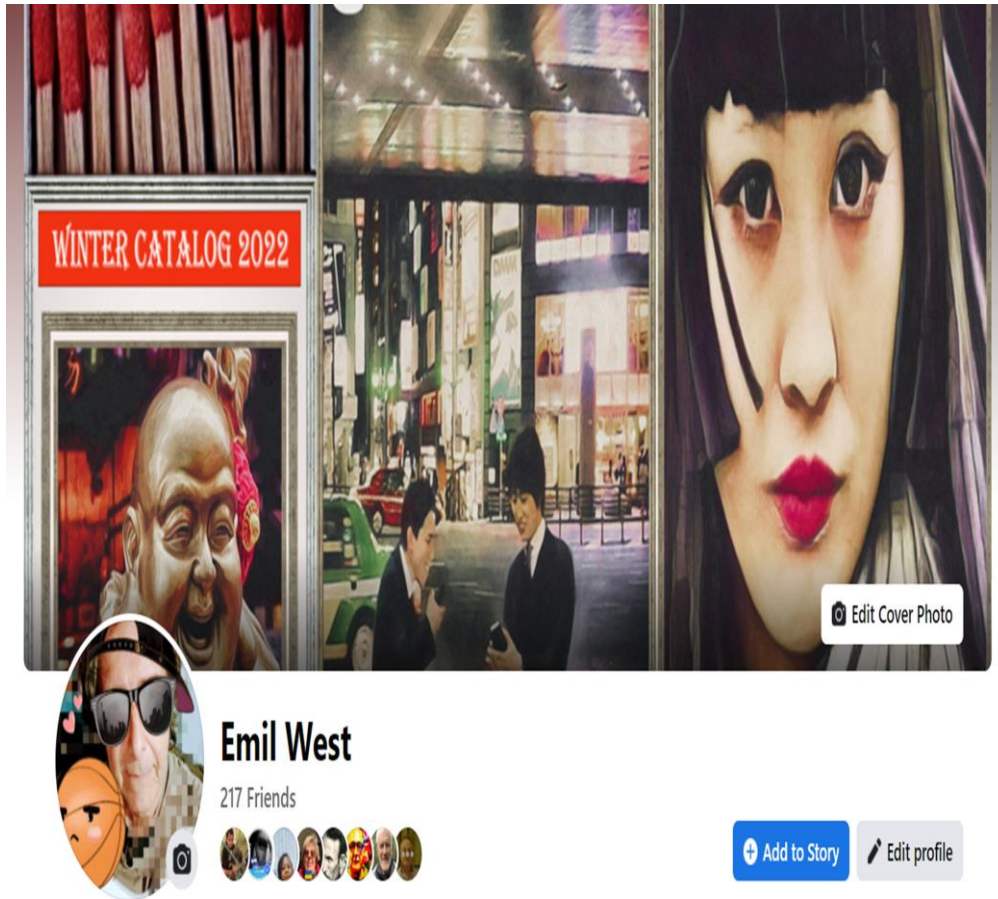
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Let us pray, light a colored candle
in our hopes that the holy man
Bubba realizes his dream quest
long before the demons can
secure research funding from our
old friend, Old Doc F. (The Beagle
Guy) or we get doxed by any
number of the Evil One's
"Merchants of Untruth" Public
Relations and Press Corps from
the Columbia School of
Journalism (Home Study)...

GOD HELP US EACH!



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Emil West is at Penang Port.

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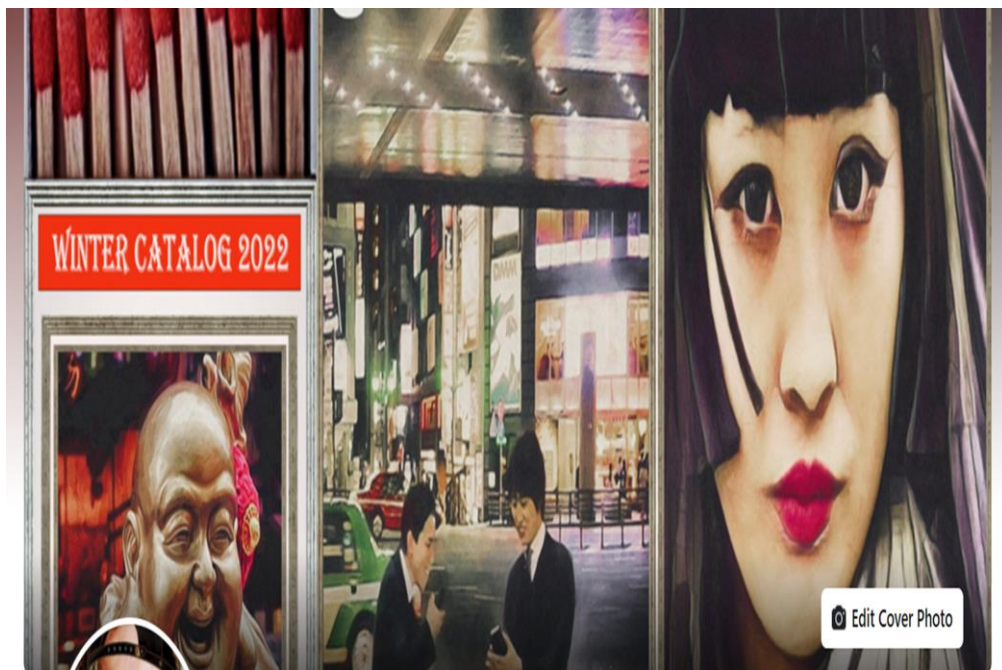
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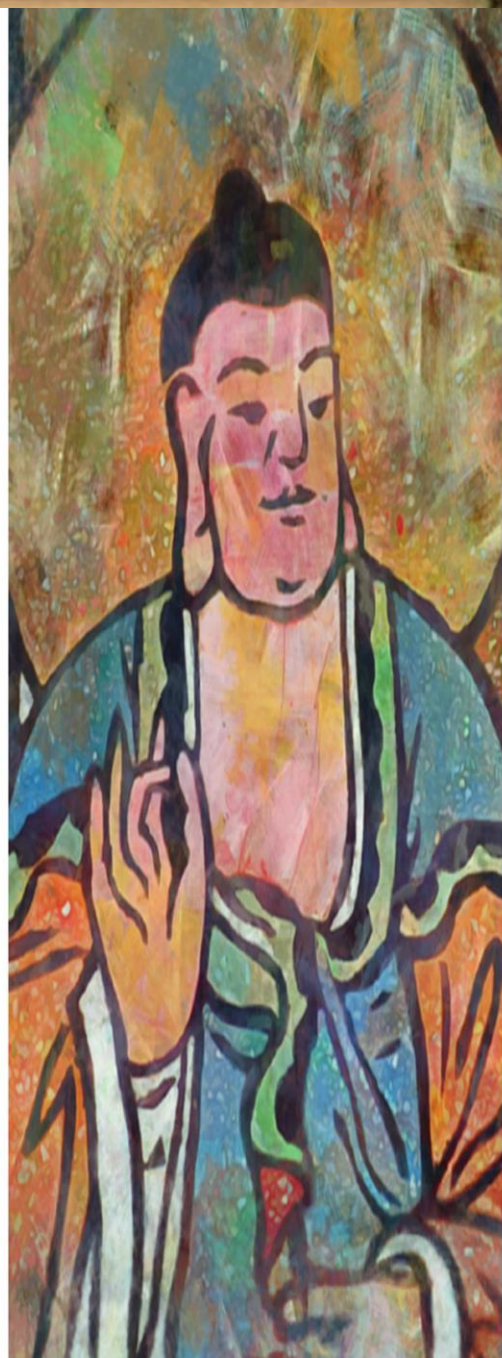
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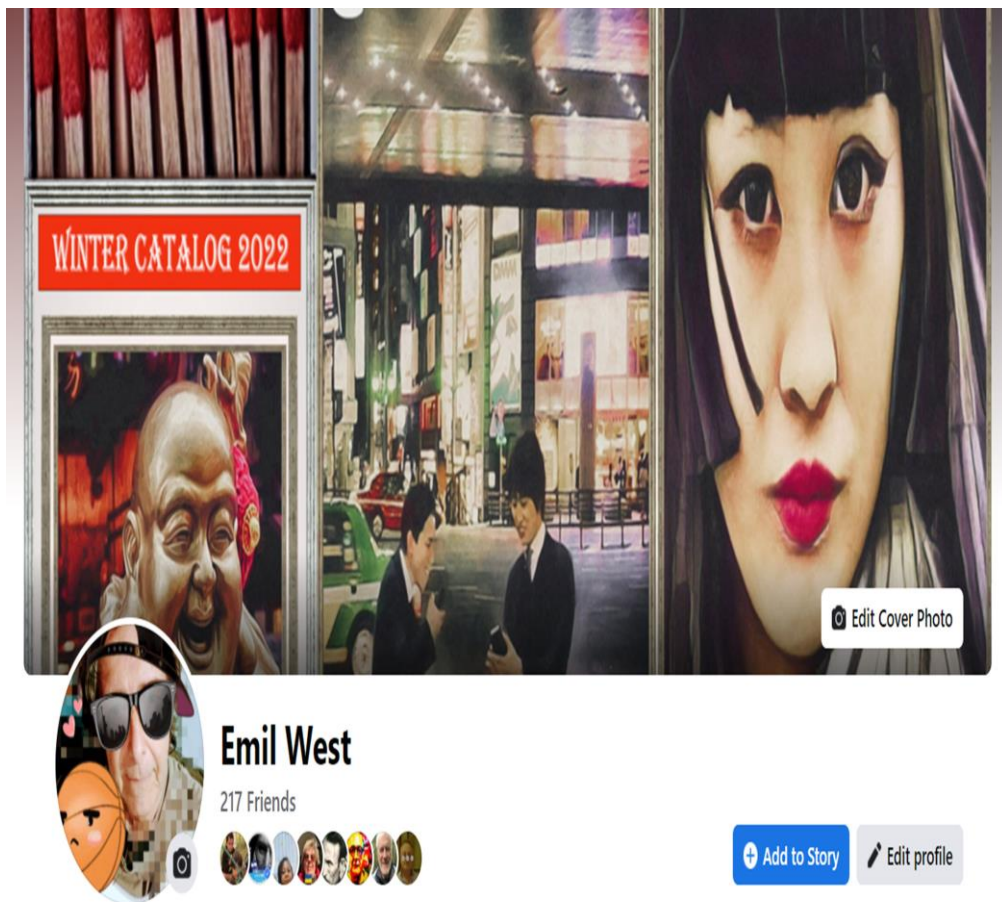
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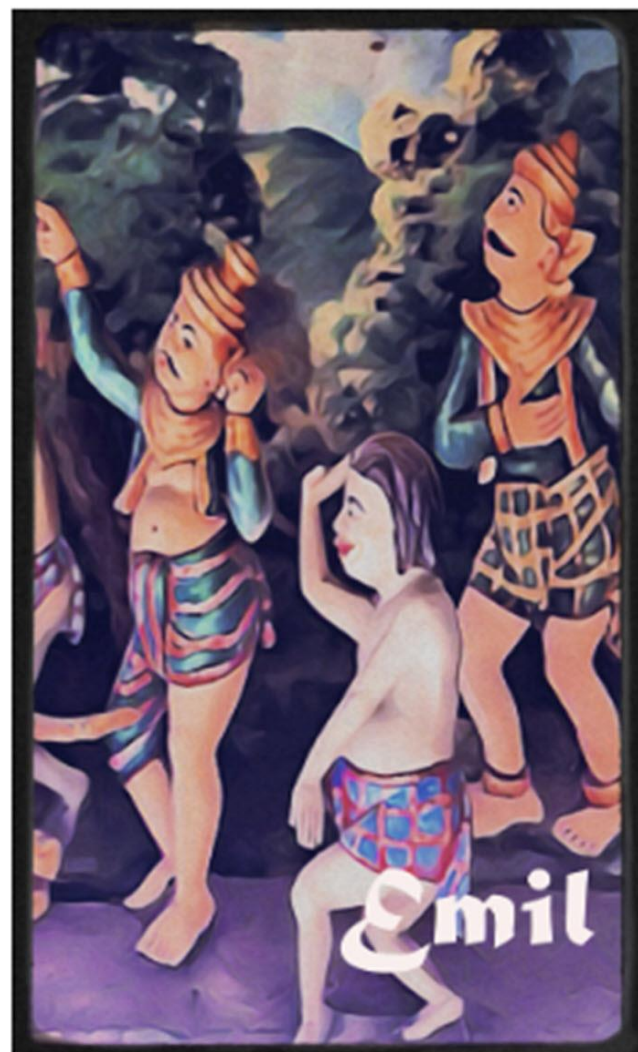






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19th Century Burmese Folk Art...

Canon SL3 100mm F2.0 shot @ F11



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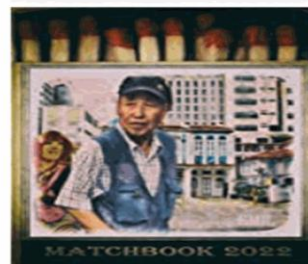
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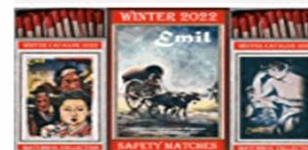
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There comes a time when the winds of change start to blow and the earth shakes out of control..." I think Bob Dylan wrote that and with even a slight glance at the evening news proves this to be yet true, I believe even more than it did way back then. Sometimes, the world seems to have gone mad and luckily for Emil...he is at home! A month ago, Emil approached us about going to Kiev. Why Kiev? It was commonly assumed here (at WWWG) that it must be for the chicken and more so, the bootleg, homebrewed, bathtub vodka that Emil was always praising next to North Carolina's finest moonshine whiskey as one of the greatest achievement of man. At first, there was the cost of such a trip, the endless paperwork needed for a visa and the fact that the country is still at war but, the fact that Emil might go blind drinking homemade vodka, this won over even Emil's harshest critic (Mister Charles...WWWG's primo accountant), how was I to say "NO!" and I didn't.

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Paisaje y Figuras - Havana 1927
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When we last left Emil, Yuri and him were out in the borderlands, an active warzone, in Eastern Ukraine and from there, we catch up with Emil scurrying about, old town Moscow without any proper segway or explanation as to how or why he got there, at least not to our understanding. Where is Yuri?

Our first notice of trouble was an urgent email from our representative in Moscow (Kandi) about when she could expect payment for Emil's advance.

Our first response, was a classic "WHATZ?"

Seems that Emil had promised her a rather large payday for her advance work and advancing him rubles to live on – which amounted to a large sum due to the extremely high cost of living there.

Regrettably, she didn't take our response as well as we had hoped and this resulted in an unfortunate series of events that resulted in the filing of police reports over her pawning Emil's laptop at a local pawn shop in Moscow as a means of recouping her costs. This resulted in Emil handwriting this edition...

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